listener, who mayhap has read a sensational book or article presenting the bizarre in vivid colors prepared after a few days or weeks in the Philippines, and who cannot differentiate fact from fancy, and the present from the past, is duly and fearsomely impressed. Indeed many tourists there are who pass up the Philippines entirely, either because believed to be uninteresting or because of dread of hardships. Even those who continue on to the Islands entertain curious notions. I know I did when as a callow graduate of the University of Michigan I first came to the Philippines years ago.

Leaving behind San Francisco, earthquake-racked and fire-devastated, I had taken ship on the Army Transport *Logan*—not that I had any particular right to a berth, for no position awaited me in the Philippines, and less than ten dollars jingled in my pockets, but there I had contrived to be, and it was all a grand adventure. At Honolulu the *Logan* gained in prestige when it picked up General James F. Smith, who was going over to be Governor-General, and Hon. Newton W. Gilbert, appointed Judge of First Instance, later to be Vice Governor and Acting Governor-General. Like nearly every prospective visitor, I was treated to a many-coursed menu of stock stories of the unbearable heat and the general dreary dead level of death and disease that follows in the wake of the pestilential climate. Misleading statements they were—misleading because only partially true—that have gained currency. I was prepared for the

worst. Nor was I alone in my ignorance. A distinguished couple on board were bringing an American bed, thinking no beds could be had in Manila. A Yankee school-teacher later surprised an astonished customs inspector in Manila who opened his trunk to find it filled with potatoes. That pedagogue did not intend to forego his Idahoes—not he.

As the *Logan* came into Manila Bay in the dusk of an afternoon of September, 1906, too late for quarantine, I gazed with mingled feelings of uneasiness and anticipation